

*The History of*

*Fals.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fals.* Their poynts being broken.

*Poy.* Downe fell his hose.

*Fal.* Began to give me ground, but I followed me close, came in foot & hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

*Pr.* O monstrous eleven buckrom-men growne out of two? *Fa.* But as the diuel would have it, three mis-begotten knaves, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe, and let drive at me, for it was so darke, *Hall*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch

*Fals.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in *Kendall* greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell us your reason. What sayst thou to this?

*Poy.* Come, your reason, *Jacke*, your reason.

*Fals.* What, upon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? if reason were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* I'll be no longer guilty of this fiene. This sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

*Fals.* Zblood you starveling, you elfskinne, you dried neat-tongue, buls pizzle, you stock-fish: O for breath to utter what is like thee? you taylors-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tucke.

*Pr.* Well, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus.

*Poy.* Marke, *Jacke*.

*Pr.* We two saw you foure set on foure and bound them & were masters of their wealth: mark now how a plain tale shall put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a

word

*Hen.*

word, outfac'd you from pr  
it you here in the house: and  
way as nimbly, with as quick  
still run & roare, as ever I he  
to hacke thy sword as tho  
fight? what tricke? what dev  
now finde out, to hide thee

*Poy.* Come lets heare, *Jacke*.

*Fals.* By the Lord, I knew  
Why heare you masters, w  
parant? should I turne upon  
est I am as valiant as *Hercule*  
will not touch the true Prin  
coward on instinct, I shall  
thee, during my life; I, for  
Prince: but by the Lord, La  
Hostesse clap to the doores,  
Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts  
lowship come to you. What  
a Play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the arg

*Fals.* A, no more of that *H*

*Hof.* O Jesu, my Lord the

*Prin.* How now my Lady

*Hof.* Marry, my L. there is a  
would speake with you: he

*Prin.* Give him as much as  
send him backe againe to my

*Fals.* What manner of man

*Hof.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity ou  
I give him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee doe, *Jacke*.

*Fal.* Fayth, and I'll send hi

*Prin.* Now first, bir lady you  
did you *Bardol*, you are Lyo  
you will not touch the true

*Bar.* Faith, I ran when I fa